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SPIDER-MAN AND HIS AMAZING FRIENDS!

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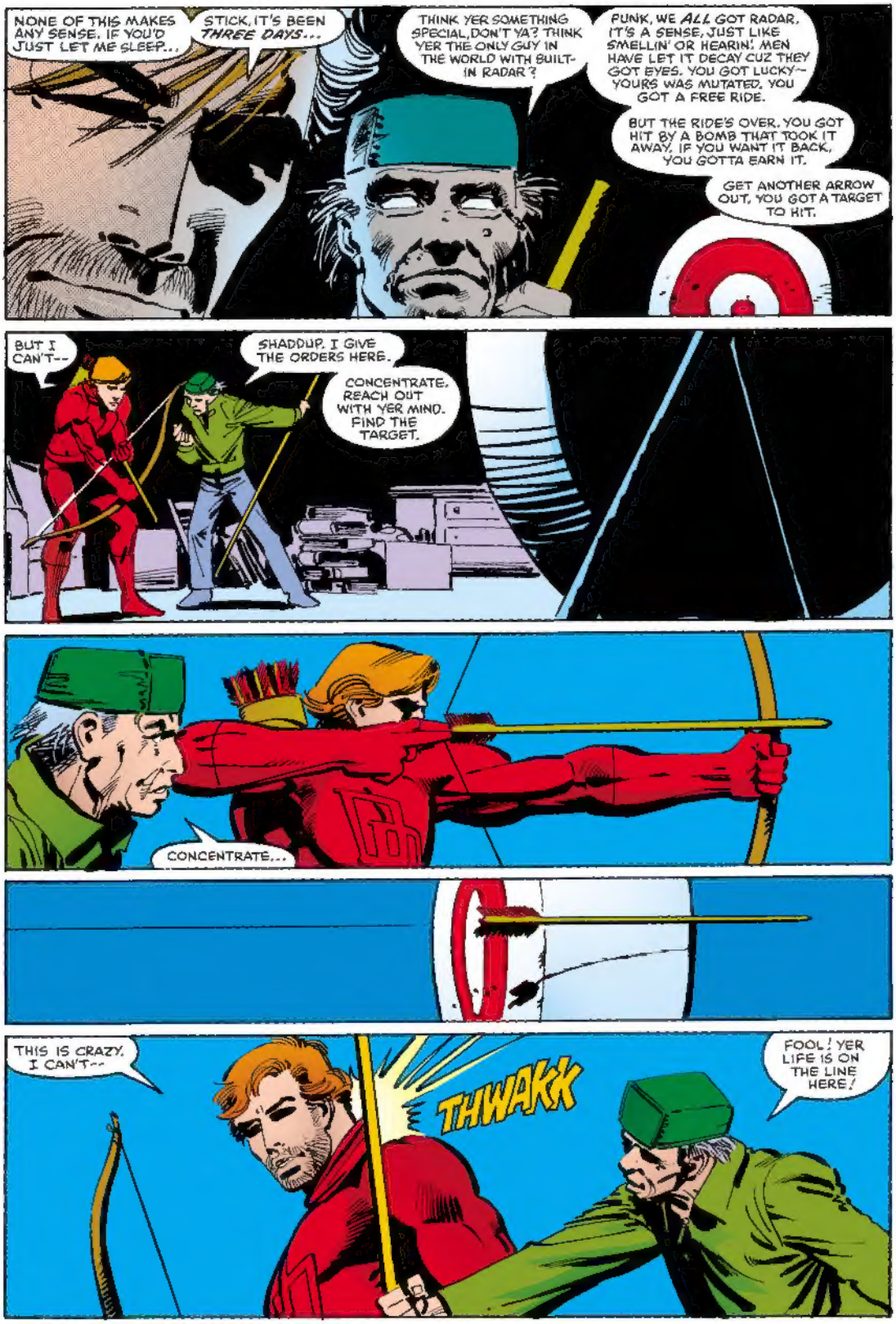
DAREDEVIL

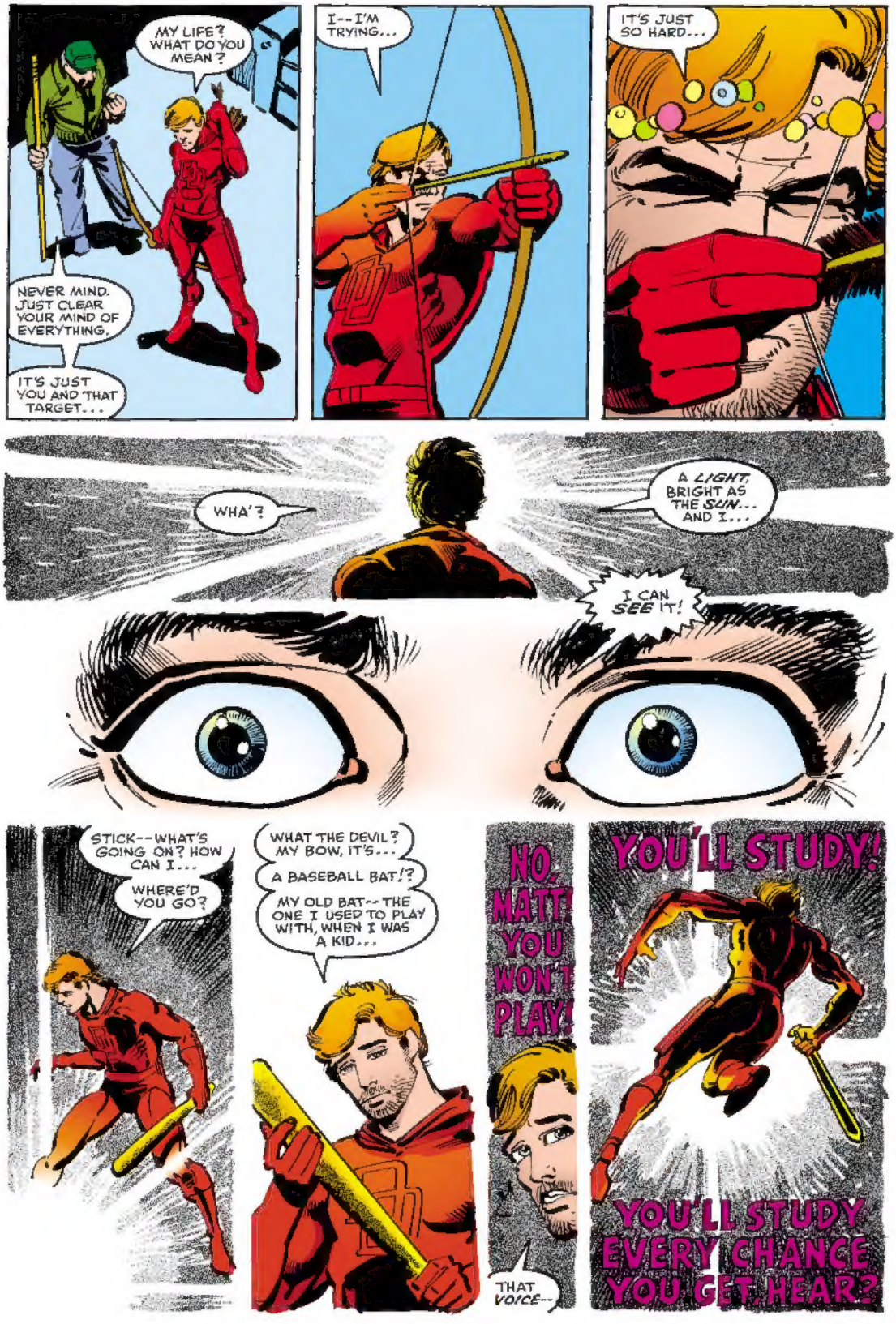
...IN HIS STRANGEST ADVENTURE!

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

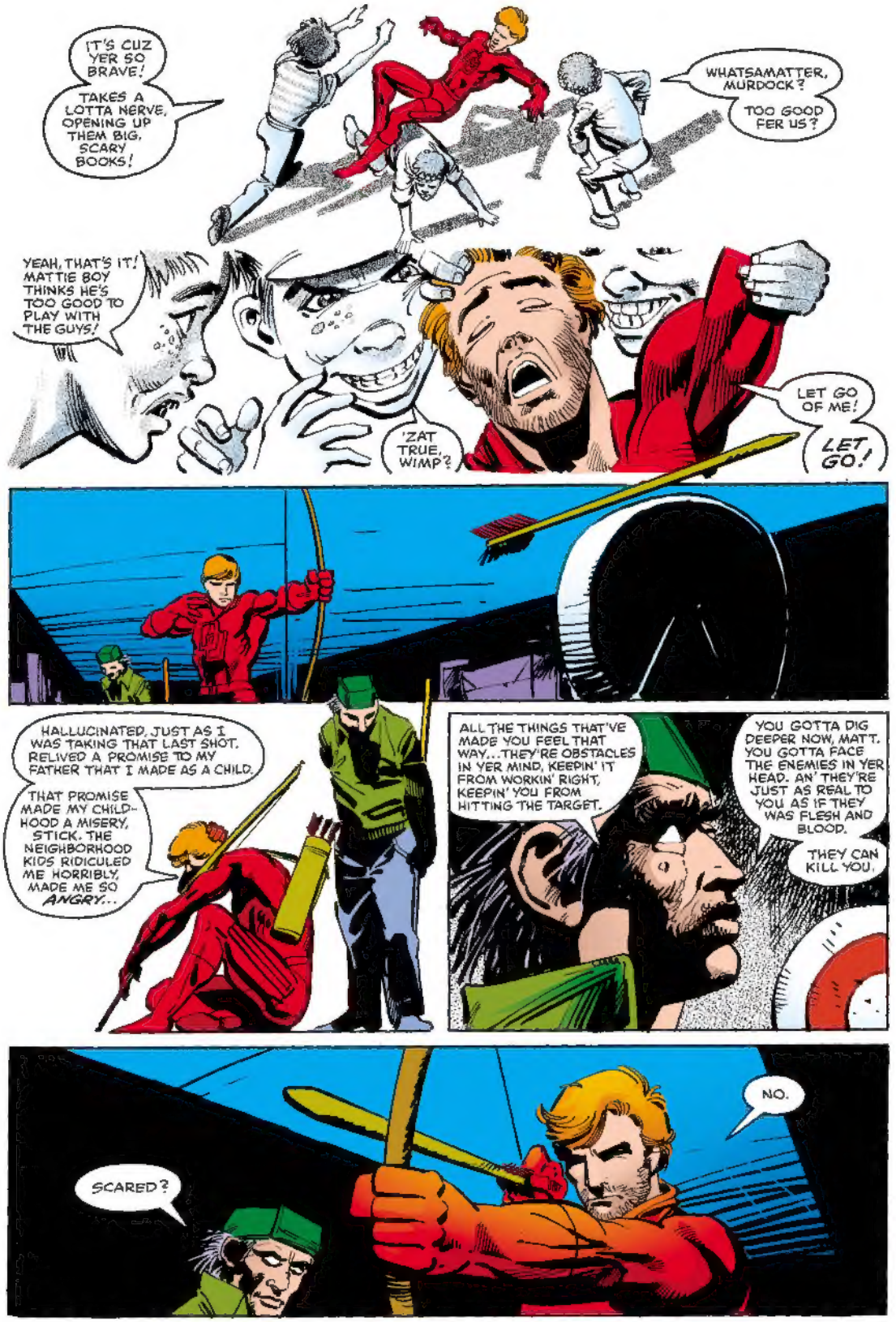
YES, WE DID... WE DARED TO PUBLISH *THIS*, THE MOST *OFFBEAT* STORY OF THE YEAR!

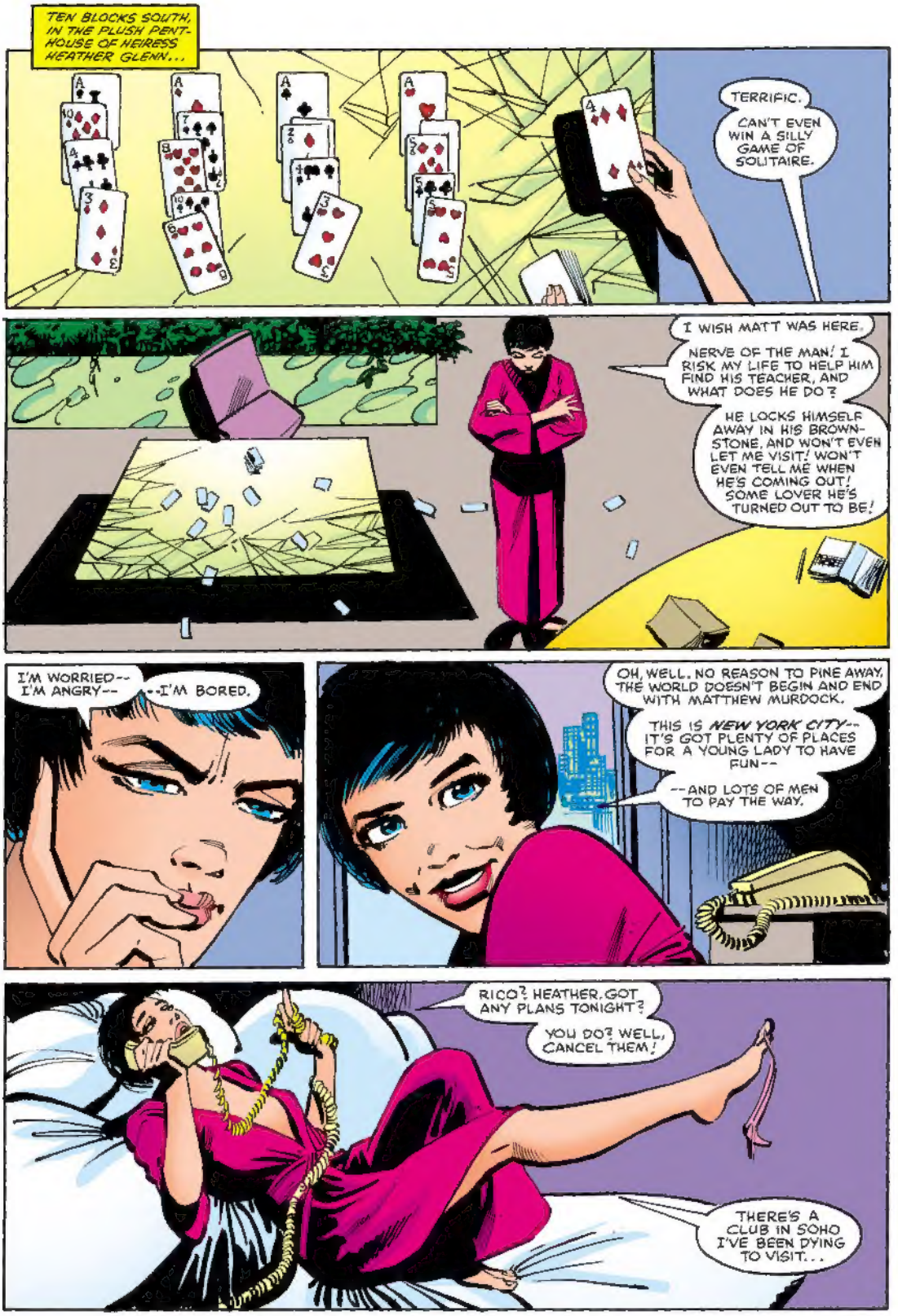
MONDAY.
I'VE LOST MY RADAR SENSE! IF I CAN'T REGAIN IT--
DAREDEVIL IS FINISHED!
STAN LEE PRESENTS DAREDEVIL
MILLER Story & Art JANSON Finished Art WEIN Colors
ROSEN Letters O'NEIL Editor SHOOTER Supervisor
YOU WERE MY MENTOR, STICK. WHEN A ONE-IN-A-BILLION RADIOACTIVE ACCIDENT BLINDED ME, YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO LIVE IN THIS WORLD OF DARKNESS. YOU HELPED ME DEVELOP AND CONTROL MY HYPERSENSES.
AND NOW, YOU'VE AGREED TO HELP ME AGAIN.
BUT WHY DO WE HAVE TO BE HERE? THIS BASEMENT IS STUFFY, HOT...
YER PROBLEMS AIN'T JUST PHYSICAL, PUNK. IF YER GONNA GET YER RADAR BACK, YOU GOTTA DIG DEEPER INTO YER OWN MIND THAN YOU EVER HAVE.
AN' IT'S GOTTA BE HERE, AMONG THINGS THAT ARE OLD AND FILLED WITH MEMORIES.
YER IN FOR A REAL FIGHT, PUNK. YOU MIGHT NOT SURVIVE IT.
where angels fear to tread


NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE. IF YOU'D JUST LET ME SLEEP...
STICK, IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS...
THINK YER SOMETHING SPECIAL, DON'T YA? THINK YER THE ONLY GUY IN THE WORLD WITH BUILT-IN RADAR?
PUNK, WE ALL GOT RADAR, IT'S A SENSE, JUST LIKE SMELLIN' OR HEARIN'. MEN HAVE LET IT DECAY CUZ THEY GOT EYES. YOU GOT LUCKY-- YOURS WAS MUTATED. YOU GOT A FREE RIDE.
BUT THE RIDE'S OVER. YOU GOT HIT BY A BOMB THAT TOOK IT AWAY. IF YOU WANT IT BACK, YOU GOTTA EARN IT.
GET ANOTHER ARROW OUT, YOU GOT A TARGET TO HIT.
BUT I CAN'T--
SHADDUP. I GIVE THE ORDERS HERE.
CONCENTRATE. REACH OUT WITH YER MIND. FIND THE TARGET.
CONCENTRATE...
THIS IS CRAZY. I CAN'T--
THWAKK
FOOL! YER LIFE IS ON THE LINE HERE!

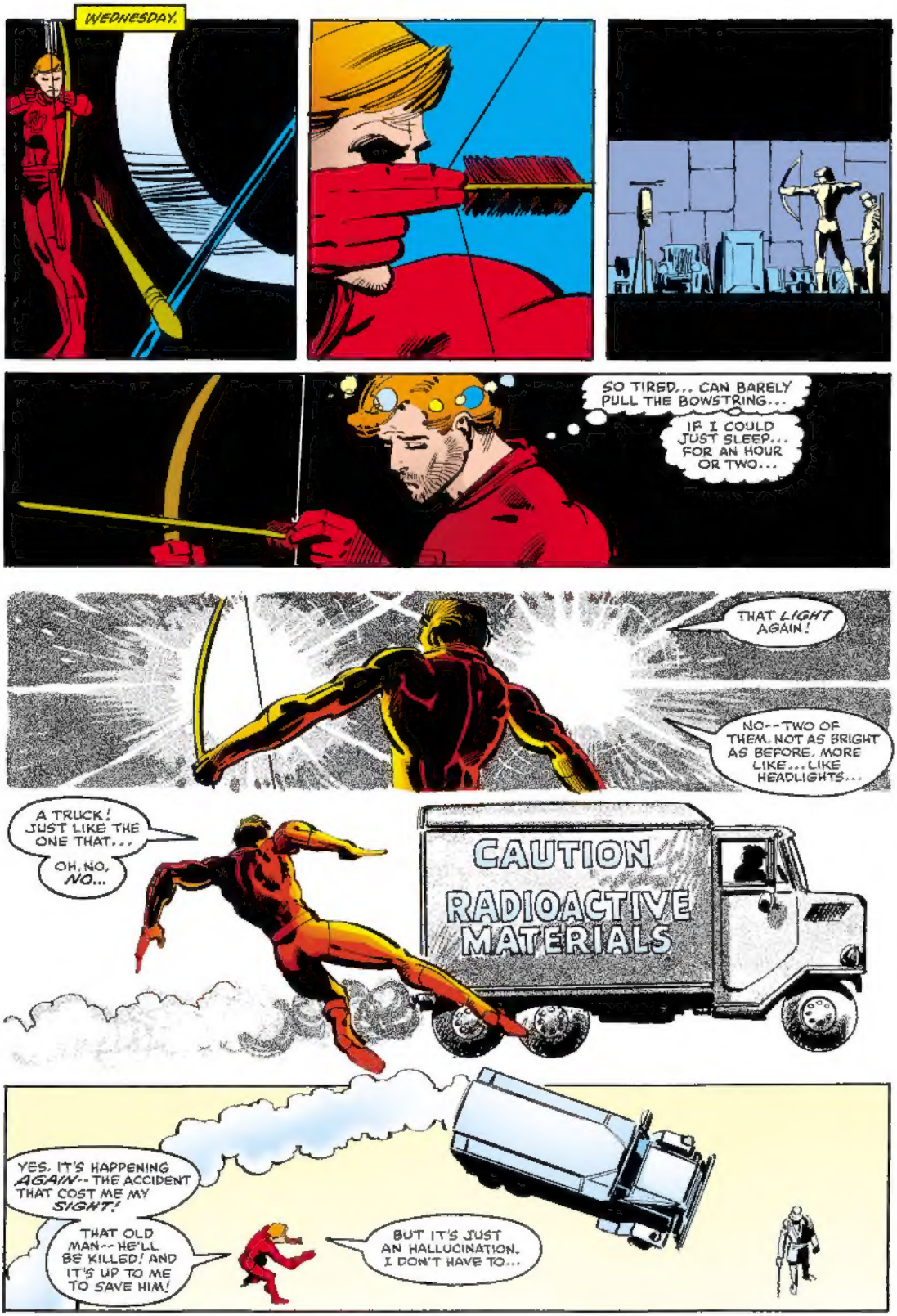

MY LIFE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
NEVER MIND. JUST CLEAR YOUR MIND OF EVERYTHING.
IT'S JUST YOU AND THAT TARGET...
I--I'M TRYING...
IT'S JUST SO HARD...
WHA'?
A LIGHT, BRIGHT AS THE SUN... AND I...
I CAN SEE IT!
STICK--WHAT'S GOING ON? HOW CAN I...
WHERE'D YOU GO?
WHAT THE DEVIL? MY BOW, IT'S...
A BASEBALL BAT!?
MY OLD BAT--THE ONE I USED TO PLAY WITH, WHEN I WAS A KID...
NO, MATT! YOU WON'T PLAY!
THAT VOICE--
YOU'LL STUDY!
YOU'LL STUDY EVERY CHANCE YOU GET HEAR?

DAD! BUT YOU'RE DEAD...
I PROMISED YOUR MOMMA BEFORE SHE...BEFORE SHE DIED... THAT I WOULDN'T LET YOU GROW UP TO BE AN UNEDUCATED PUG LIKE ME.
NOW YOU HAVE TO PROMISE ME SOMETHING, SON. PROMISE ME YOU'LL STUDY EVERY CHANCE YOU GET, THAT YOU'LL BE A DOCTOR OR A LAWYER ...SOMEBODY IMPORTANT!
PROMISE ME YOU'LL BE THE SOMEBODY I NEVER COULD...
MAKE ME PROUD OF YOU, SON.
THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER WANTED, DAD.
I'VE TRIED...
GOOD BOY.
NOW JUST LET ME CHAIN YOU TO THESE BOOKS...
OFF TO YOUR ROOM, NOW.
STUDY HARD, HEAR?
THOK
HEY--MATTIE BOY! Y'WANNA COME OUT AND PLAY?
NAW... OL' "DAREDEVIL" CAN'T PLAY. HE'S GOTTA READ.
YEAH, "DAREDEVIL" MURDOCK, HE'S GONNA BE A LAWYER, AIN'T HE? REAL BOOK SMART.
Y'KNOW WHY WE CALL YA, "DAREDEVIL," MURDOCK?


IT'S CUZ YER SO BRAVE!
TAKES A LOTTA NERVE, OPENING UP THEM BIG, SCARY BOOKS!
WHATSAMATTER, MURDOCK?
TOO GOOD FER US?
YEAH, THAT'S IT! MATTIE BOY THINKS HE'S TOO GOOD TO PLAY WITH THE GUYS!
'ZAT TRUE, WIMP?
LET GO OF ME!
LET GO!
HALLUCINATED, JUST AS I WAS TAKING THAT LAST SHOT. RELIVED A PROMISE TO MY FATHER THAT I MADE AS A CHILD.
THAT PROMISE MADE MY CHILD-HOOD A MISERY, STICK. THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS RIDICULED ME HORRIBLY, MADE ME SO ANGRY...
ALL THE THINGS THAT'VE MADE YOU FEEL THAT WAY...THEY'RE OBSTACLES IN YER MIND, KEEPIN' IT FROM WORKIN' RIGHT, KEEPIN' YOU FROM HITTING THE TARGET.
YOU GOTTA DIG DEEPER NOW, MATT. YOU GOTTA FACE THE ENEMIES IN YER HEAD. AN' THEY'RE JUST AS REAL TO YOU AS IF THEY WAS FLESH AND BLOOD.
THEY CAN KILL YOU.
SCARED?
NO.

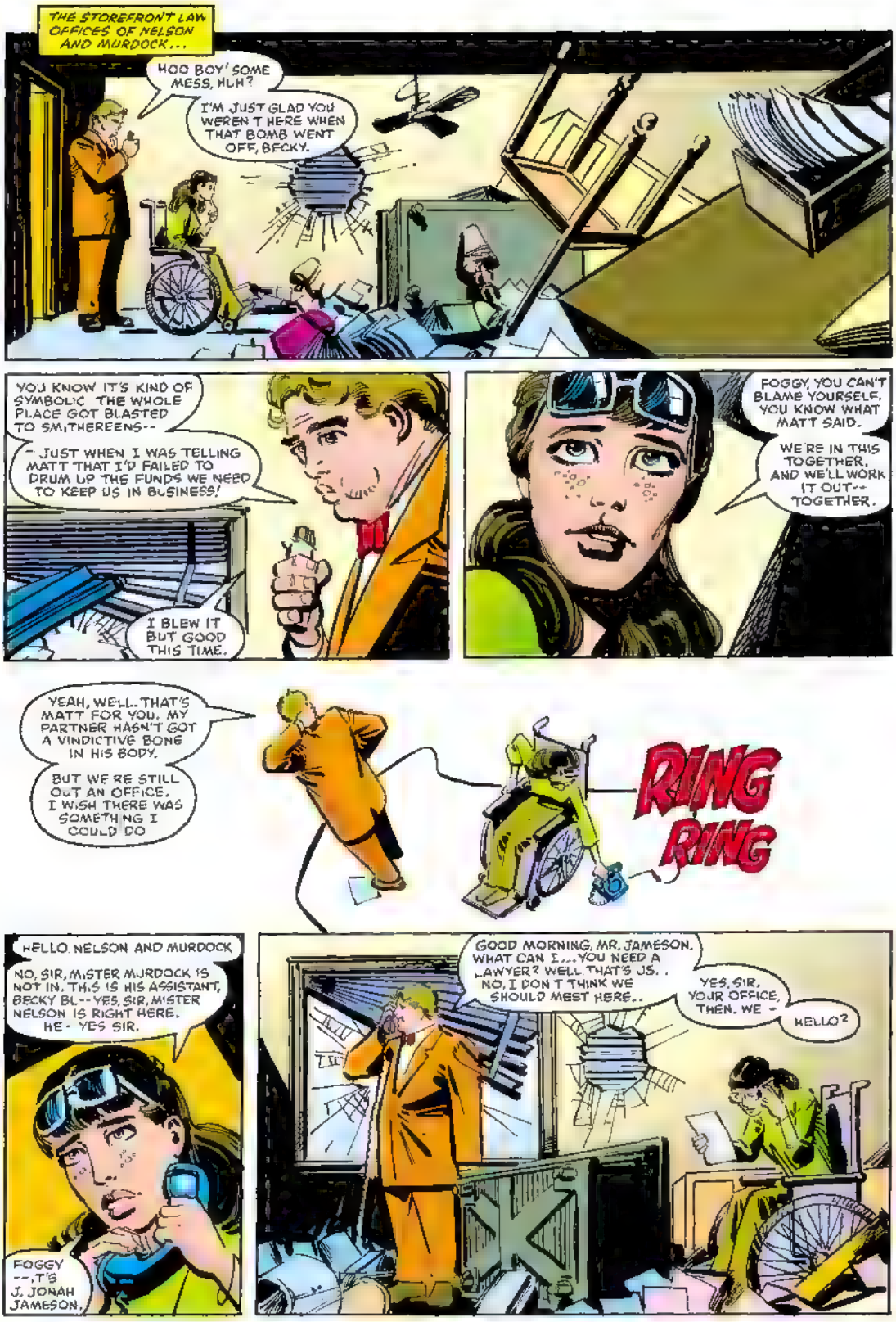

TEN BLOCKS SOUTH, IN THE PLUSH PENTHOUSE OF HEIRESS HEATHER GLENN...
TERRIFIC. CAN'T EVEN WIN A SILLY GAME OF SOLITAIRE.
I WISH MATT WAS HERE.
NERVE OF THE MAN! I RISK MY LIFE TO HELP HIM FIND HIS TEACHER, AND WHAT DOES HE DO?
HE LOCKS HIMSELF AWAY IN HIS BROWNSTONE, AND WON'T EVEN LET ME VISIT! WON'T EVEN TELL ME WHEN HE'S COMING OUT! SOME LOVER HE'S TURNED OUT TO BE!
I'M WORRIED-- I'M ANGRY-- --I'M BORED.
OH, WELL. NO REASON TO PINE AWAY. THE WORLD DOESN'T BEGIN AND END WITH MATTHEW MURDOCK.
THIS IS NEW YORK CITY-- IT'S GOT PLENTY OF PLACES FOR A YOUNG LADY TO HAVE FUN--
--AND LOTS OF MEN TO PAY THE WAY.
RICO? HEATHER. GOT ANY PLANS TONIGHT?
YOU DO? WELL, CANCEL THEM!
THERE'S A CLUB IN SOHO I'VE BEEN DYING TO VISIT...

THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE...
ONLY ONCE IN A GENERATION IS THERE A CANDIDATE LIKE RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH.
FIRST IN HIS GRADUATING CLASS AT WEST POINT...THREE TIMES DECORATED FOR VALOR IN THE KOREAN CONFLICT...AS COUNCILMAN, A DEDICATED, UNTIRING SOLDIER IN THE WAR AGAINST CRIME...
RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH--THE NEXT MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK!
THIS YEAR, MAKE YOUR VOTE COUNT. VOTE LAW. VOTE ORDER.
VOTE CHERRYH.
KLIK
THIS HAS BEEN A PAID POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE COMMITTEE TO ELECT--
J. JONAH JAMESON PUBLISHER
ROBBIE SAID YOU WANT TO SEE ME, MISTER JAMESON.
ANYTHING WRONG?
YEAH.
I JUST READ THE PROOF OF YOUR PIECE ON RANDOLPH CHERRYH. IT'S GOOD, BEN. IT'S REAL GOOD.
IN FACT, IT'S DYNAMITE--
--THE KIND THAT'LL BLOW UP RIGHT IN YOUR FACE.
YOU'VE CONNECTED ORGANIZED CRIME WITH EVERY MAJOR DECISION CHERRYH HAS MADE AS COUNCILMAN. THIS COULD COST HIM THE ELECTION--
--OR, IT COULD COST US THE BUGLE, IF HE SUES.
HE'S A POPULAR MAN, BEN. GOT A LOT OF MONEY BEHIND HIM.
YOU WANT IT KILLED?
NO. JUST MAKE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.
VERY SURE.

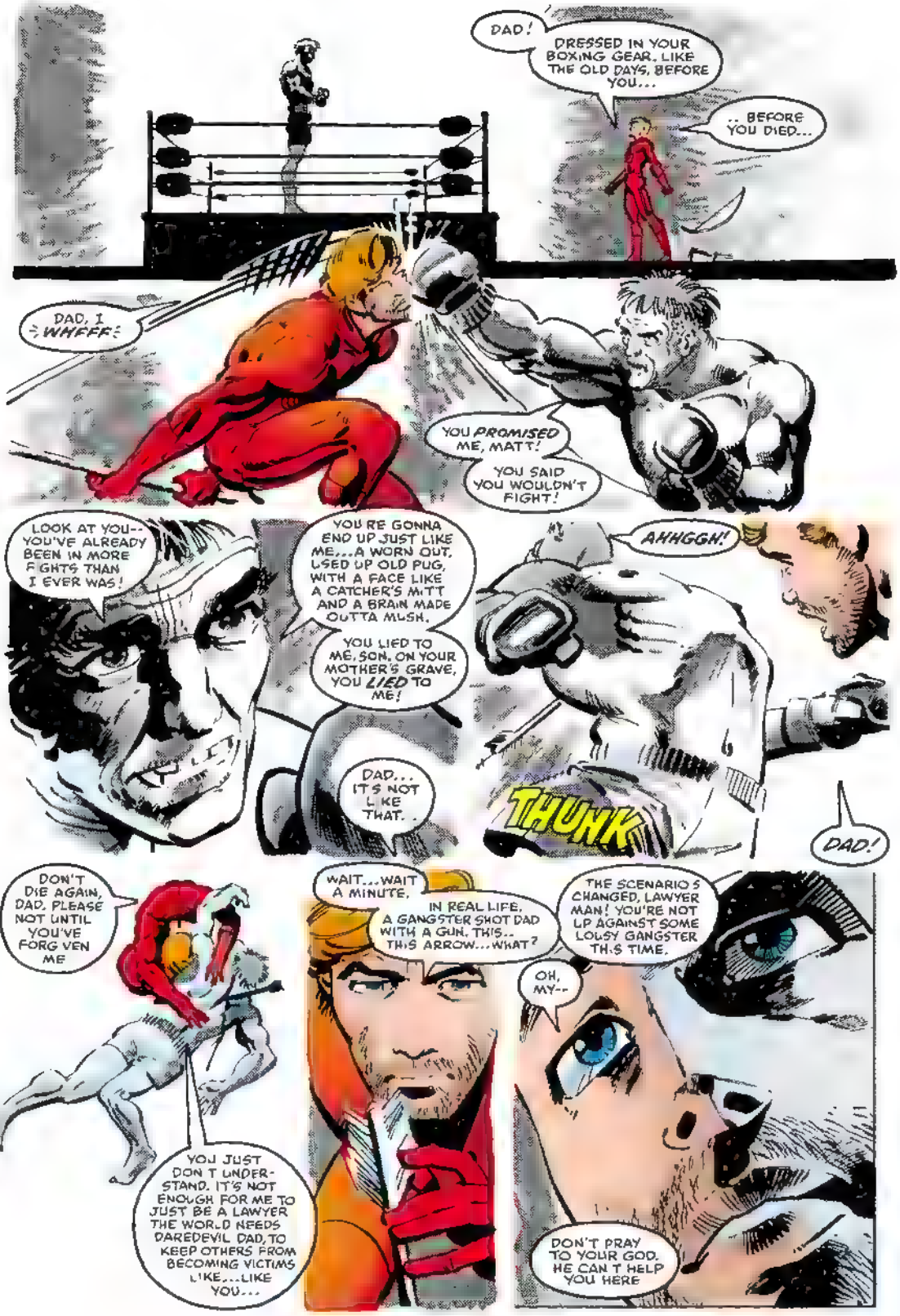

WEDNESDAY.
SO TIRED... CAN BARELY PULL THE BOWSTRING...
IF I COULD JUST SLEEP... FOR AN HOUR OR TWO...
THAT LIGHT AGAIN!
NO--TWO OF THEM. NOT AS BRIGHT AS BEFORE. MORE LIKE... LIKE HEADLIGHTS...
A TRUCK! JUST LIKE THE ONE THAT...
OH, NO. NO...
CAUTION
RADIOACTIVE MATERIALS
YES. IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN-- THE ACCIDENT THAT COST ME MY SIGHT!
THAT OLD MAN-- HE'LL BE KILLED! AND IT'S UP TO ME TO SAVE HIM!
BUT IT'S JUST AN HALLUCINATION. I DON'T HAVE TO...

WHAT AM I THINKING? REAL OR NOT, HE'LL DIE IF I DON'T--
LOOK OUT, MISTER!
JAKE--THE CANNISTER!
GET IT KOFF AWAY FROM THE FLAMES--OR IT'LL BLOW...
AHHHG-GGHHH!!
HE SAVED THAT MAN'S LIFE!
MOST HEROIC ACT I'VE EVER SEEN!
BUT THAT CYLINDER THAT STRUCK HIS FACE... IS...IT SOMETHING RADIOACTIVE?
HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU, SON? YOU SAVED MY--
YOU OLD FOOL!
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!
YOU BLINDED ME, YOU--

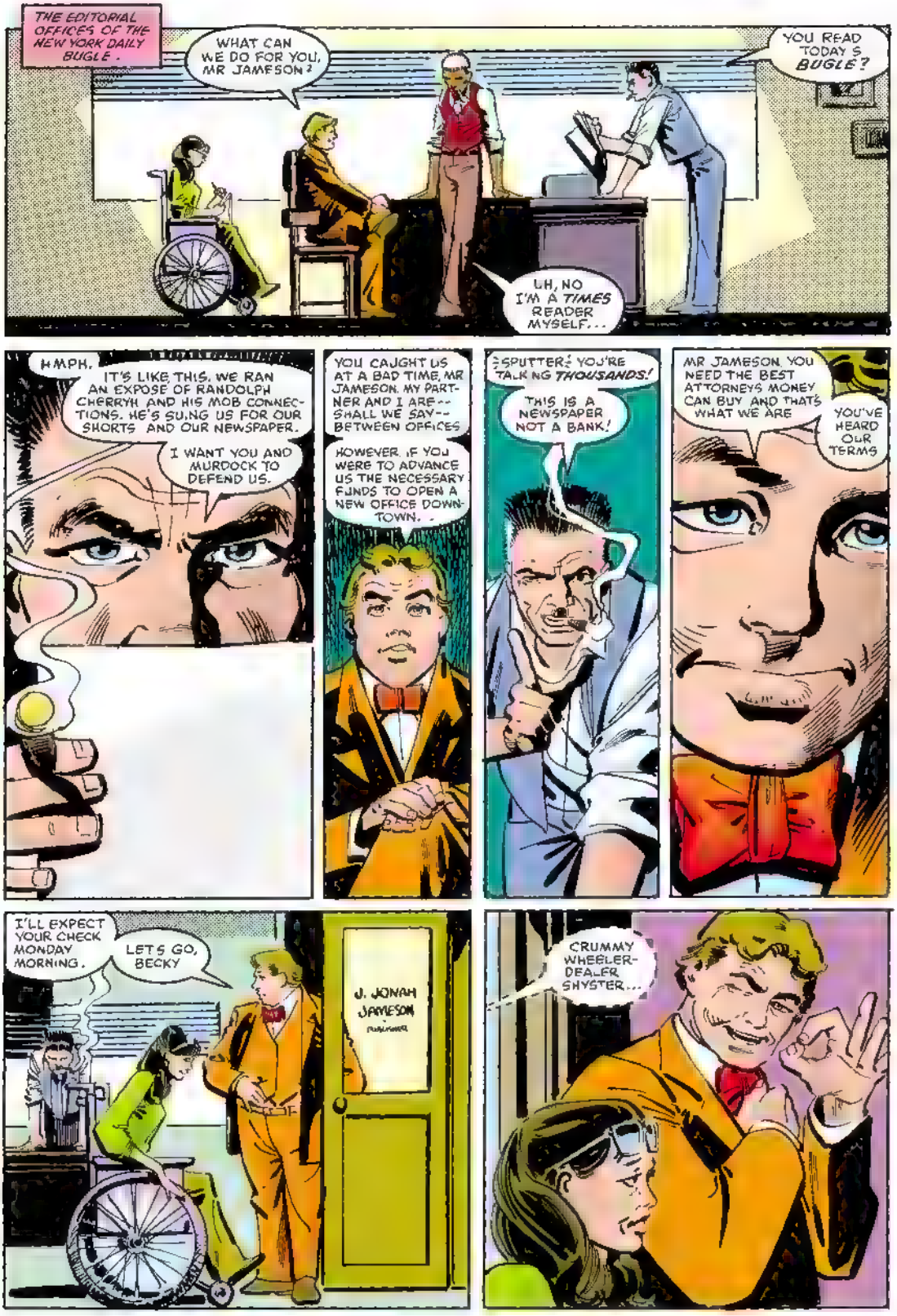
A MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER.
"UNFORTUNATE"?! IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY?
I COULD LOSE THE ELECTION, BECAUSE OF THAT ARTICLE!
IT'S BEEN MY JOB TO SAY THE RIGHT THINGS TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE-- TO BUILD MY REPUTATION AS A CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER.
AND IT'S BEEN YOUR JOB TO KEEP THIS SORT OF THING FROM HAPPENING.
BUGLE
CRIME!
YOU'VE BLOWN IT, SOMEONE IN YOUR ORGAN ZATION S TALKING, FEEDING THAT REPORTER NAMES AND DATES--
--AND IN FRONT OF FIVE MILLION DAILY BUGLE READERS HE'S CRUCIFYING ME!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
WELL?
SEE HERE FAT MAN, YOU NEED ME
THIS IS YOUR PROBLEM AS MUCH AS M--
HKKK --'
BE SILENT CHERRYH
YOU MAY WELL BECOME THE NEXT MAYOR OF THIS CITY, BUT, N TRUTH, YOU ARE NO MORE THAN A SIMPERING SLAVE--
--IN THE SERVICE OF THE KINGPIN
DO NOT WORRY ABOUT THE DAILY BUGLE, IT IS ONLY A NEWSPAPER, PRODUCED BY MEN WHO CAN BE BOUGHT-- OR KILLED.
I SHALL ATTEND TO THIS.


THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
HOO BOY! SOME MESS, HUH?
I'M JUST GLAD YOU WEREN'T HERE WHEN THAT BOMB WENT OFF, BECKY.
YOU KNOW IT'S KIND OF SYMBOLIC. THE WHOLE PLACE GOT BLASTED TO SMITHEREENS--
- JUST WHEN I WAS TELLING MATT THAT I'D FAILED TO DRUM UP THE FUNDS WE NEED TO KEEP US IN BUSINESS!
I BLEW IT BUT GOOD THIS TIME.
FOGGY, YOU CAN'T BLAME YOURSELF. YOU KNOW WHAT MATT SAID.
WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER, AND WE'LL WORK IT OUT-- TOGETHER.
YEAH, WELL. THAT'S MATT FOR YOU. MY PARTNER HASN'T GOT A VINDICTIVE BONE IN HIS BODY.
BUT WE'RE STILL OUT AN OFFICE. I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO
RING RING
HELLO. NELSON AND MURDOCK
NO, SIR, MISTER MURDOCK IS NOT IN. THIS IS HIS ASSISTANT, BECKY BL-- YES, SIR, MISTER NELSON IS RIGHT HERE. HE- YES SIR.
FOGGY --, IT'S J. JONAH JAMESON.
GOOD MORNING, MR. JAMESON. WHAT CAN I... YOU NEED A LAWYER? WELL, THAT'S JS.. NO, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD MEET HERE..
YES, SIR, YOUR OFFICE, THEN. WE -
HELLO?

FRIDAY.
NO USE. . SO TIRED...
I'VE FAILED STICK. I CAN T... I JUST CAN'T..
THWAKK
AGAIN.


DAD!
DRESSED IN YOUR BOXING GEAR, LIKE THE OLD DAYS, BEFORE YOU...
.. BEFORE YOU DIED...
DAD, I
WHEEF
YOU PROMISED ME, MATT!
YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T FIGHT!
LOOK AT YOU-- YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN IN MORE FIGHTS THAN I EVER WAS!
YOU'RE GONNA END UP JUST LIKE ME...A WORN OUT, USED UP OLD PUG, WITH A FACE LIKE A CATCHER'S MITT AND A BRAIN MADE OUTTA MUSH.
YOU LIED TO ME, SON. ON YOUR MOTHER'S GRAVE, YOU LIED TO ME!
DAD... IT'S NOT LIKE THAT..
AHHGGH!
THUNK
DAD!
DON'T DIE AGAIN, DAD. PLEASE NOT UNTIL YOU'VE FORG VEN ME
YOU JUST DON T UNDER-STAND. IT'S NOT ENOUGH FOR ME TO JUST BE A LAWYER THE WORLD NEEDS DAREDEVIL DAD, TO KEEP OTHERS FROM BECOMING VICTIMS LIKE...LIKE YOU...
WAIT...WAIT A MINUTE,
IN REAL LIFE, A GANGSTER SHOT DAD WITH A GUN. THIS... THIS ARROW...WHAT?
THE SCENARIO S CHANGED, LAWYER MAN! YOU'RE NOT UP AGAINST SOME LOUSY GANGSTER TH.S TIME.
OH, MY--
DON'T PRAY TO YOUR GOD. HE CAN T HELP YOU HERE

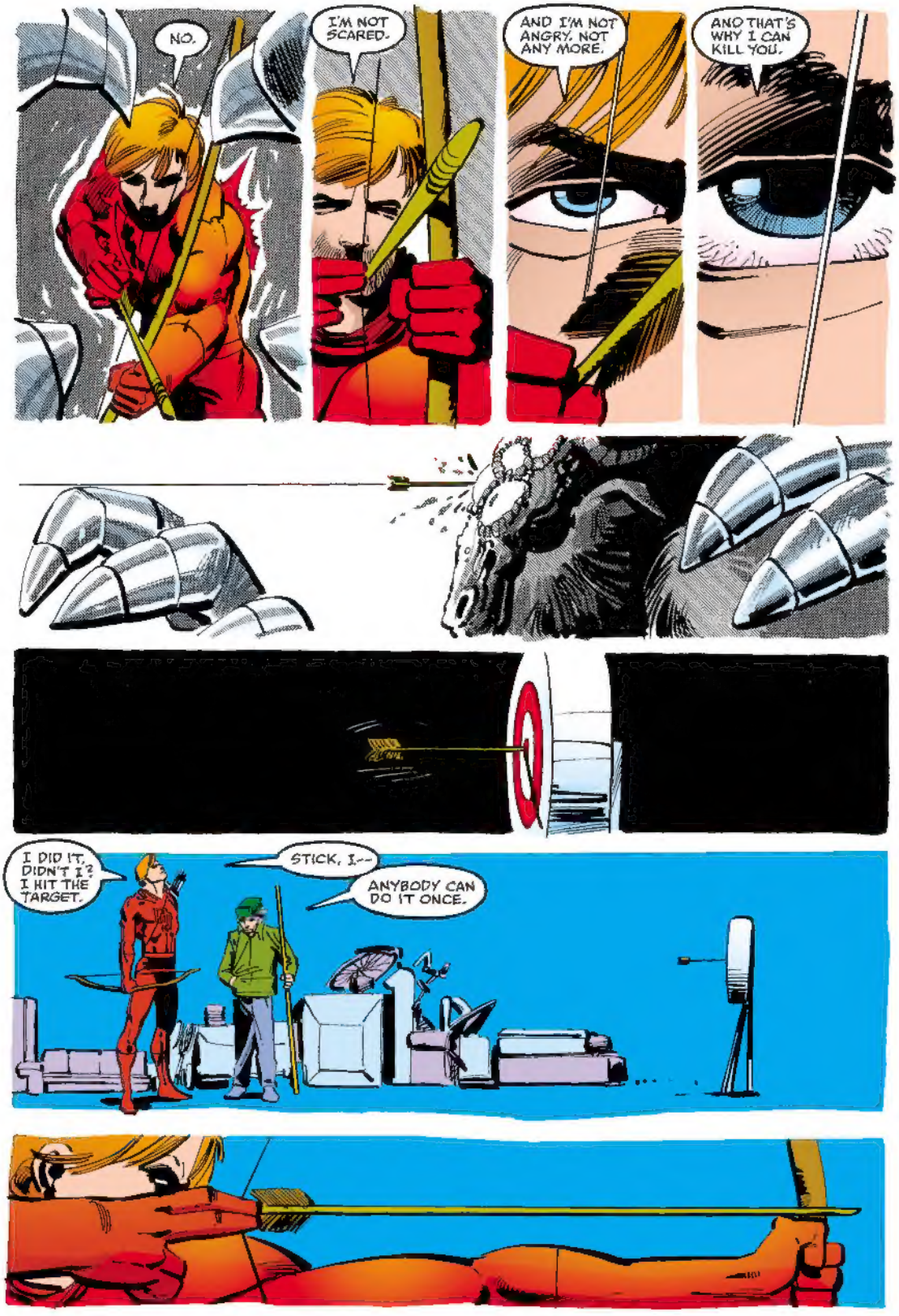
I'M YOUR OWN PRIVATE DEVIL, LAWYER MAN.
I AM EVERY PART OF YOU THAT HATES
AND I'VE COME FOR YOU LAWYER MAN.
THE DEVIL HAS COME TO TAKE HIS OWN!

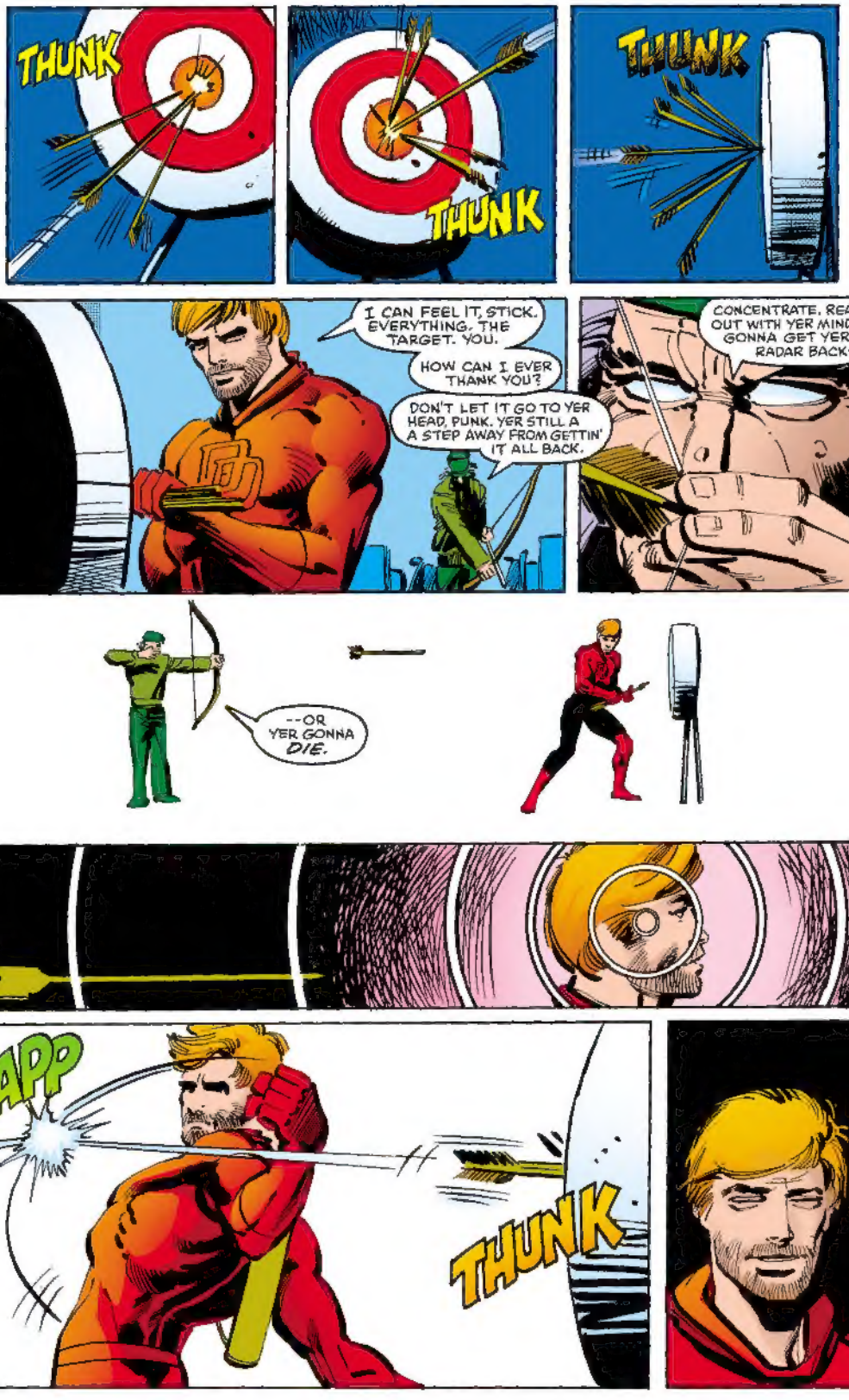

THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE.
WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, MR JAMESON?
YOU READ TODAY'S BUGLE?
UH, NO I'M A TIMES READER MYSELF...
HMPH.
IT'S LIKE THIS, WE RAN AN EXPOSE OF RANDOLPH CHERRYH AND HIS MOB CONNECTIONS. HE'S SUING US FOR OUR SHORTS AND OUR NEWSPAPER.
I WANT YOU AND MURDOCK TO DEFEND US.
YOU CAUGHT US AT A BAD TIME, MR JAMESON. MY PARTNER AND I ARE-- SHALL WE SAY-- BETWEEN OFFICES
HOWEVER, IF YOU WERE TO ADVANCE US THE NECESSARY FUNDS TO OPEN A NEW OFFICE DOWNTOWN...
SPUTTER! YOU'RE TALKING THOUSANDS!
THIS IS A NEWSPAPER NOT A BANK!
MR JAMESON, YOU NEED THE BEST ATTORNEYS MONEY CAN BUY AND THAT'S WHAT WE ARE
YOU'VE HEARD OUR TERMS
I'LL EXPECT YOUR CHECK MONDAY MORNING.
LET'S GO, BECKY
J. JONAH JAMESON
PUBLISHER
CRUMMY WHEELER-DEALER SHYSTER...

A COCKTAIL PARTY...
GEORGIO, I'M SURE YOUR YACHT IS LOVELY. BUT HOW COULD I RUN OFF WITH A MAN I'VE ONLY KNOWN FOR THREE MINUTES?
MYSTERY ONLY HEIGHTENS THE EXCITEMENT HEATHER.
WE MUST SEIZE THE MOMENT, THERE'S ONLY THE SUMMER NIGHT...THE HARVEST MOON. YOU AND I..
AND ME
AND ME.
EASY, MEN I'M A FLIRT NOT A GYMNAST
NICE TO SEE HEATHER GLENN BACK IN CIRCULATION.
BEEN SHOWING HER A GOOD TIME, RICO?
THE BEST
AND SHE HASN'T SAID ONE WORD ABOUT MISTER MATTHEW MURDOCK ALL WEEK. GUESS SHE FINALLY WISED UP...
...AND DUMPED THAT STUFFY SHYSTER
NOT THAT I'VE GOT ANYTHING AGAINST MURDOCK I MEAN HE'S A NICE GUY AND ALL
BUT HE'S NO PARTY ANIMAL.
I MEAN, HOW CAN HE SHOW THE LADY A GOOD TIME WHEN HE CAN'T EVEN SEE--
HEY!
I'M GOING HOME, RICO.
DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME

SOMEWHERE IN MATT MURDOCK'S MIND...
I'M GONNA EAT YOU ALIVE LAWYER MAN.
SCARED?
THWOKK
GOOD, GOOD. I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU TO HIT FIRST.
YOU'RE REAL ANGRY AT ME AREN'T YOU, LAWYER MAN?
C'MON-- DON'T MAKE IT EASY!
THWAKK
WHUDD
THAT'S IT THAT'S IT
REMEMBER HOW IT FELT, MATTIE BOY? REMEMBER WHEN THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS TEASED YOU, KNOCKED YOU DOWN? REMEMBER WHEN YOUR FATHER DIED?
EVERY TIME YOU FEEL THAT WAY, YOU MAKE ME STRONGER... BIGGER...
AND NOW, I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

CHOK
I LOVE IT!
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. YOU REALLY ARE.
AND I'VE GOTTA THANK YOU. YOU'VE MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY.
THIS IS THE END, MATTIE BOY.
I'M GONNA RIP THE FLESH FROM YOUR BONES, PIECE BY PIECE.
SCARED?


NO.
I'M NOT SCARED.
AND I'M NOT ANGRY. NOT ANY MORE.
AND THAT'S WHY I CAN KILL YOU.
I DID IT. DIDN'T I? I HIT THE TARGET.
STICK, I--
ANYBODY CAN DO IT ONCE.


THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
I CAN FEEL IT, STICK. EVERYTHING. THE TARGET. YOU.
HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
DON'T LET IT GO TO YER HEAD, PUNK. YER STILL A A STEP AWAY FROM GETTIN' IT ALL BACK.
CONCENTRATE. REACH OUT WITH YER MIND. YER GONNA GET YER RADAR BACK--
--OR YER GONNA DIE.
FAPP
THUNK

A MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER...
THESE PICTURES WERE TAKEN BY OUR PLANT IN THE POLICE HOMICIDE SQUAD, BOSS.
YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT WHAT REMAINS OF THE NINJA ASSASSIN GROUP KNOW AS THE HAND. WHEN THEY MOVED IN ON OUR TERRITORY, YOU MANEUVERED THEM INTO COMBAT AGAINST DAREDEVIL, WITHOUT HIM KNOWING IT.
THESE ARE SIX HIGHLY TRAINED ASSASSINS. THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
SO ARE THE LEADER OF THE HAND AND THESE MEN, HIS PERSONAL GUARD.
ELEVEN STIFFS, TOTAL.
DAREDEVIL DID NOT DO THIS. HE IS NOT A KILLER.
RIGHT. AND THAT'S WHERE IT ALL GETS REAL INTERESTING.
IT WAS A LADY--A FORMER NINJA HERSELF--THAT DID THEM IN. LOUIE TOOK THESE SHOTS OF HER WHEN SHE HUNTED THE LAST OF THEM DOWN OUTSIDE OF DUKE'S POOL HALL.
SO WE CHECKED HER OUT. HER NAME'S ELEKTRA. SHE'S A MERCENARY, A BOUNTY HUNTER, AND A KILLER-FOR-HIRE. AS YOU CAN SEE, SHE'S THE BEST AT IT SINCE BULLSEYE. AND HE'S DOING TIME.
ANY INSTRUCTIONS?
YES. FIND HER.
NEXT ISSUE: PAPER CHASE!